

PURPLE PARROT

JANUARY 1930

ALL TALKING



TALKIE NUMBER

25¢



No compass to guide him

Trying to pilot a plane without compass or other instruments is as unsatisfactory as trying to pilot your course through life without a plan.

You find many a man after college switching from job to job—"I think I'll try fiction writing for a while," or "Selling bonds is what appeals to me." Aimless! Real

progress does not come in that way.

Fortunately most men have a natural aptitude for one type of work rather than another—for things mechanical or artistic, factual or imaginative. The solution of the problem is to be found in self analysis, making a decision and then following through.



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and

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THE TALKERS

Act I. (*Before marriage*): He talked, she listened.

Act II. (*The first year of marriage*): She talked, he listened.

Act III. (*Ever after*): They talked, the neighbors listened.

Bison.

Scotchman to small son: "Sandy, me lad, run to the post office and cash this stamp. I'll be wantin' some spendin' money before long."

Cajoler.

"Hello! Is this Main 2910? Helen dear? This is Percy. No, no—not mercy—Percy! P for pugnacious, E for enormous, R for rough, C for cruel, Y for yegg."

Lord Jeff.

"When did they first get the idea of using busses for transportation?"

"When Brigham Young went on his honeymoon."

Judge.

There, there, little wise-crack, don't you cry,

You'll be a theme-song, by and by.

Pitt Panther.

Stude: "Say, Peter, how long is a million years to you?"

St. Peter: "Oh, about a minute."

Stude: "How much does a million dollars mean to you?"

St. Peter: "Oh, about a cent."

Stude: "Lend me a million, will you?"

St. Peter: "Yes, in a minute."

Tiger.

Fair Visitor: "But where do you bathe?"

Co-ed: "In the spring."

"I didn't say when, I said where."

Detroit Free Press.

Before they were married he chucked her under the chin, but after they were married he chucked her under the table.

M. I. T. Voo Doo.

"I was outspoken in my sentiments at the last office I worked in," confided the stenographer to the book-keeper.

With a look of astonishment, he replied: "I can't believe it! Who out-spoke you?"

Bison.



A woman adopted a French baby. Soon afterward she began a diligent study of French. Her friends wondered and wondered. Finally they asked her why.

"Oh, I'm doing it so that I can understand baby when he begins to talk."—
Dodo.

Ike: I say how did you manage to keep your donation to the Salvation Army secret?

Mike: Easy. I sent an anonymous check.

Malteaser.

He: Pardon me, dear, but your stockings seem rather wrinkled.

She: You brute! I have no stockings on.

Bison.

"What do you take as a remedy for your insomnia?"

"A glass of wine at regular intervals."

"Does that make you sleep?"

"No, but it makes me satisfied to stay awake."

Satyr.

"My room-mate lost three good fingers last night."

"What a shame."

"Yeah, spilled it on my rug, too."

Lampoon.

Then there was the absent-minded Scotchman who ordered asparagus and left a tip.

Judge.

Companionate Wife (to her husband): "Hide in the closet quick! I hear my lover coming."

Voo Doo.

"Johnny, your lessons aren't done today. Where did you go last night?"

"To the movies with a girl."

"Get out of this class for a week."

"Where did you go last night, Tommy?"

"Out parking with a girl."

"Go home and stay two weeks."

"Where are you going, Oscar?"

"Teacher, my school days are over."

Widow.

"How did Ted happen to fall out the window?"

"He got dizzy from reading a circular letter."

Voo Doo.



"THAT PITIFUL OBJECT, WATSON . . . is a man gone quite mad

trying to copy all the new Challenger fabrics that come out every week! Many have tried, but they inevitably fail. It can't be done!"

"Why? My dear Watson, listen. The fabrics are so beautifully woven into wondrous patterns that only artists can create them, successfully . . . impossible without long experience . . . at least a century!"

"Amazing indeed, Holmes . . . all this individuality in a \$30 suit . . . utterly unique in clothing history! Certainly perfect reasons for our periodical pilgrimages to Browning King's. Jove, we're due there to-morrow, too! We owe it to our sartorial education to see those new Challenger suits and topcoats!"

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THE WORM TURNS

Angry driver (to leisurely pedestrian)
—Some of you pedestrians walk about
as if you'd bought the streets!

Pedestrian—Yes—and some of you
motorists drive about as if you'd paid
for your cars!

Passing Show.

Warden—"What made you beat up
your cell-mate the way you did?"

Convict—"Aw, dat guy gits wise mit
me."

Warden—"What's he done to you
now?"

Convict—"Tore de leaf off'n de
calendar, and it wuz my toin."

Lehigh Burr.

"I walked a mile and a half for that
Camel. I thought the guy would never
throw it away."

Pelican.

She: I'm hungry.

He: What?

She: I said I was hungry.

He: Sure, I'll turn on the radio. At
first I thought you said you were hungry.

Wampus.

Guide: "This, ladies and gentlemen,
is the greatest cataract in the country,
and if the ladies will only be silent for
a moment you can hear the thunder of
the waters."

M. I. T. Voo Doo.

"Whaddya mean saying I'm stupid?—
Apologize—say you're sorry!"

"I am sorry you are stooped!"

Judge.

"My brother is living in Chicago and
says that he is delighted."

"What? Delighted to be living in
Chicago?"

"No. Delighted to be living."

Georgia Cracker.

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IT'S AN OLD EGYPTIAN CUSTOM

What flowers did the Egyptians bury
with their mummies? Why, poppies, of
course.

The Pathfinder.

1st Blotto: "Once I hadda beard like
yours an' I looked in a mirror an' then
I shaved it off."

2nd Ditto: "Well, I hadda face like
yours an' I looked in a mirror and I
grew the beard."

Lehigh Burr.

He: "Who spilled mustard on this
waffle, dear?"

She: "O, John! How could you?
This is lemon pie."

Buffalo Bison.

Indignant Parent (6 A. M.): "Young
man, what do you mean bringing my
daughter in at this hour?"

Flaming Youth: "Hell, I gotta be at
work at 7."

Ranger.

Housewife (to garbage man): Am I
too late for the garbage?

G. M.: No, ma'am; jump right in.
Put.

Soph: "Don't act like a baby."

Frosh: "Aw, I can't help it, I was
born that way!"

Medley.

FAMILIAR GAME

Bonnie Bachelor—Well, how do you
find married life?

Benedict—Great fun! My wife cooks
and I guess what the dish is.

Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

"Let us," said the alderman, "put
our heads together and make a concrete
road."

Ingleside.

Advertisement in a newspaper: "Es-
kimo Spits Pups for ten dollars apiece."
Satyr.

THE DIFFERENCE

The gum-chewing girl
And the cud-chewing cow
Are somewhat alike,
But different somehow.
What difference?
Oh, yes, I see it now;
It's the thoughtful
Look on the face of the cow.

Ingleside.

PURPLE PARROT



VOLUME X.

JANUARY 1930

NUMBER 4

SCENARIO

'Twas keaton, and the barrymore
Did vilmabanky in the lowe,
All pickford was the kennedy
And the loy clarabow.

Beware the barthelmess, my son,
The talmagedix, the billiedove;
Lonchaney too the bill-ess-hart
And the blane bessielove.

He took his gibson gun in hand
To hunt the herbertrawlinson,
Then estelletaylored through the sills
In thought sebastian.

In emiljannings thought he stood
Until he saw the wmboyd;
Then grasped his jackholt gun and killed
The blue haroloid.

Menjou! menjou! and montebue
Fazendaed to our hero king;
"I'll be bedanielled!" he exclaimed.
"What nancy drexelling!"

He blushed the laurala plante red
Of gary cooper-richardix,
And daveylee he bowed and said,
"I ru this roland mix."

'Twas keaton, and the barrymore
Did vilmabanky in the lowe.
All pickford was the kennedy
And the loy clarabow.

P. C.

And then there was the old gentleman who had a talking picture taken of his wife, and set it up in his library, so he could run it and then shut it off whenever he wanted to.

TALKIE SOLILOQUY

(With Defective Apparatus)

Love! Sweet! A burning passion is devouring me (*Grrrr! Grrrr!*). I cannot live without the touch of your hand (*Crash!*), the light of your eyes, the sound of your voice (*Owa! Owa! Owa!*). But, alas, this cannot go on. (*Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!*) Be still, oh my heart.

"Listen to that theme song—what a melodious strain!"

"Yes, on the ears."

"Did the photographers take a still of Ghetto Grabbo?"

"No, the reveaue officers did."



"How long can a man remain unconscious and still live?"
"How old are you?"

ADAM AND EVE

Our First Talkie

Presented: Dill Pickle Club.

Date: First performance, April 1st;
second performance, Decoration Day.

Seats: Auction at Paddy's Arcade.

Story: H. L. Mencken.

Scenario: Elinor Glyn.

Scenes: Wilbur Glenn Voliva.

Costumes: Walgreen and Oriental Fruit Co.

Music: Society Syncopators.

Theme Songs: "When the Leaves Come Tumbling Down," and "Button Up Your Overcoat."

Cast: Adam—Bull Montana; Eve—Tex Guinan.

Directors: Amie MacPherson and Billy Sunday.

Illustrations: Sinclair Lewis.

Publicity: Vina Delmar.

Photography: Bennie DeVoto (chosen from 5,000 applicants).

Apples: Glenn C. Bainum.

Censors: Sophie Tucker, Ted Lewis, One-Eyed Connelly, Al Capone, and the Sanitary District.

Ushers: Lon Chaney.

A. K.

Then there's the temperamental movie star who demanded that a bath tub be brought on the set so that she could sing the theme song.

Lon: I'm going to shoot you.

Clive: Why?

Lon: I've said I'm going to shoot anyone who looks like me.

Clive: Do I look like you?

Lon: You do.

Clive: Shoot!

PAST THE THREE VINEYARDS

by

Pauline Alta Smeed

Samson was a strong, country boy. When his marriage feast arrived, he thought nothing could be greater sport than to while away the night telling riddles.

"When you get sleepy, Jephthah, run along upstairs," he told his bride. "We may have a noble time down here after all. It's many a day since I've heard a riddle and these men of Pharaoh come with intriguing ones."

"Won't you come tuck me in bed, Samson? May I be kissed goodnight?"

"Desire for kisses is a strange thing for an innocent such as you to be about. That schooling on the Nile made you vulgar and thoughtless. I have social duties tonight. Do you forget that this is my wedding party?"

"Oh, but, Samson—"

"There may be drinking," continued Samson in a firm voice, "and it is better for you to confine ideas about kissing to the second floor. Now, run along."

"They don't love you as I do," sniffed Jephthah. "Why, I married you—"

"If you cry, there will be black streaks on your face. And I become more surprised at your persistence. Did those vows mean nothing this evening? The word 'obey' flew over your empty head like a squawking duck. I mortgaged the farm to buy a glittering ring for you. What do you do an hour later? Stamp your foot and whimper, as if getting married were an everyday occasion for me. Will you stop crying?"

"I—I just thought—"

"Let me set you right in the beginning, Jephthah. One does not think after marriage."

"But, Samson—"

"All right," he said as a new idea occurred to him. "I'll be up to tuck you in."

He certainly disliked the situation. A young girl was staying with him. At least, that is what it amounted to. He shrugged his shoulders. Someone had to manage the farm and Jephthah was husky. She was not at her best in that white dress tied in the middle, but it was her grandmother's wedding dress. He would let her be frivolous for once. Besides, there was that herd of goats she must drive to Pirathon when they got home. Perhaps she was not an extravagance. She looked nice when she cried.

"Come, come, Samson. You are a match for us all in strength. Now exercise your brain so we may judge its brawn. Give us a riddle," the guests cried.

"This is good, clean fun," thought the host. "How it purges my soul of care to be in the midst of company again." Samson was a country boy. "Maybe these Philistines are not as black as they are painted by my people. Their heads are small.

They must be dumb. I will ask them the one about the lion and the honey."

Samson, I say to you who read Erskine instead of your bible, had killed a lion with his bare hands one day. When he returned later, a swarm of bees had filled the carcass.

"'Out of the eater came forth food,

And out of the strong came forth sweetness.'

"If you can bite on that one, I'll give you thirty suits of Finchley tweed," said Samson, the poor country lad.

Seven days later, the Timnites had closed their shops and were assembled in the city hall. Jephthah had cried for six days but now she was able to tell her people the answer to the riddle.

"Imagine my embarrassment," said Samson to his inquiring family after he had the luck of catching the first train. "I had to leave town."

THE wanderlust was his next partner. In the valley of Sorek, where he had gone to find eternal youth to accompany his phenomenal strength, he met Delilah.

Her eyes held his when he might have been considering the practical merits of crepe de chine. Hm! That was a mouth! Being a country boy, he disliked artifice. He was naturally puzzled when he saw the cigarette stubs in the ashtray of shell. Someone had been bleeding to death.

"Samson, it would be well for you to settle down," Delilah said. "I have a comfortable apartment here. The life of a charming person, of such reputed strength as yours, should not be remembered in terms of the riddles you told and the books you tore in two. I could buy you a new farm near Rameses."

"I don't want to be a farmer, Delilah. I have become sophisticated since I found this valley. What there is about it fascinates me in a mysterious way. Perhaps you are not like Jephthah."

Delilah suppressed a groan.

"It may also be that I am in love. How many coins do you exchange for crepe de chine?"

"This cost almost nothing. I generally make my own clothes, but I can see that you appreciate values. Wouldn't I have been a miserable girl if you had not come down from Timnite and fixed the cart wheel that day? What strength!"

"That was nothing," said Samson, as he looked sideways into the waterbowl and raised his shoulders. "I would do as much for you anyway. You must never worry about your helplessness from now on."

Delilah turned so that she might mask her face in the drapery.

"I do worry about that beard, Samson dear," she said as

ILLUSTRATED
BY
JOSEPHINE
O'BRIEN



soon as she straightened her face. "Go to Abelcar, past the three vineyards, and he will make your face soft as a boy's. Ought you to think of loving me when you look like a porcupine?"

"Love makes simpletons of wise men. I don't believe I will let it bother me. I have unusual resistance."

"Yes," said Delilah. "You are the strongest man in the world."

"That I am," nodded Samson as he started towards the barber's.

As he walked slowly down the road, he felt comfortably casual. There was much charm to this valley and his stay could well be lengthened. The fragrance of blossoms unconsciously reminded him of hydrangeas and crepe de chine. The townspeople were welcoming him as he went through the crowded paths of the bazaar. Jephthah should see him now! He wondered if Delilah could cry, but then reminded himself that she was different. She loved him. If he were skeptical, the memory of Jephthah's faithless behavior could spoil his future with its galaxy of promises. Now, Delilah—

He took a deep breath, and self-satisfaction emanated from his heavy, unshaved head like a grotesque halo. Stopping to watch two street dancers, he could not help noticing their sly glances. He straightened his shoulders, while he regarded the crowd. He smoothed his beard, remembering his errand. That he might be attractive on account of the lengthy beard did not assure Delilah's love. He turned from the dancers toward Abelcar.

Dark-skinned visitors had departed before Samson returned to Delilah's that evening; it was likewise very late.

"Yoo hoo! Comesh a frien' a y'rs, 'Lilah," he pointed out as he tried to drag the great Gate of Gaza through the front door.

She seemed taller, more regal, because of the trailing, black, it is always black, negligee. Why wouldn't that gate come further? All those stairs moved from side to side instead of the regulation up and down. He had to get up to her. Every time he thought he had made them, they detoured and let him go by.

"Lo," he said, when he found himself on a lounge. She must have carried him up. What a girl! "Ja make that dress, too? You're wunnerful girl. You're bright and I'm strongesth man in worl'. Right, 'Lilah?"

"Yes, dear. What makes you so strong, Samson?"

"Dunno. If you sit over here—whoops—maybe I can sorta whisper. Y'know. Say, where're the lights? 'D. you turn 'em off?"

"The lamp is still on. Don't you see it?"

"Nope."

"Don't rub your eyes so, Samson."

"'Lilah mushn't fool me. 'S the light off?"



Josephine O'Brien

"You are the strongest man in the world."

Delilah said it was.

"Canst see thing. 'S right, 'Lilah, hold tha boysh han'."

"You were telling me why you are strong, Samson."

"Oh, was I? Well, well, whoops—well, well, well, well. Y'know, it's like thish. I never—say, how'dja like to put y'r arm around m' neck, 'Lilah?"

"Will you tell me then, Samson?"

"Tell y' anything. What you wanna know?"

"What makes you so strong, dear?"

"Strong? Well now, I wouldn't tell anyone but some one like you. Y'know, some—someone I can trust. If it weren't for me all those awful Philistines'd capture Jerooshalem. 'N that terrible? All they have to do is to give me a haircut. Think a that! Seventy fi' cents on week days. 'N that silly? But I'm the strongesth man in th' worl'. Right, 'Lilah?"

"Yes, Samson," said Delilah, as she leaned to light a thin cigarette in the lamp flame.



"Will you marry me?"
"Wait until I ask my husband."

THE AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER

He has carefully prepared his speech. He has spent much time in looking up and arranging his material and making his notes. He spends the whole supper time going over the speech in his mind. He scarcely eats anything. While the dishes are being cleared away he prays over and over that he will not be the first speaker called upon. He wishes that he could catch the eye of the master of ceremonies. The master of ceremonies calls upon several speakers in succession, without mentioning our hero. All the time he is sitting at his place nervously tapping his fingers on the table and buttoning and unbuttoning his coat. He looks at his watch and finally becomes conscious of the fact that he is not going to be called upon. He immediately loses his nervousness and becomes righteously angry. Not to be called on after all his work! He is a big man in this club; where do they get that way, not calling on him to speak? He is preparing in his mind a veiled rebuke to the master of ceremonies when he hears his name called by someone. Everybody is applauding. Someone sitting near him says, "Get up, don't be bashful."

The master of ceremonies is motioning for him to rise. He does so. Everything suddenly becomes silent. Everybody stares at him. He stares back. He feels that he is supposed to say something. His mouth is dry, he opens it to speak, but no words come. His face is as red as his nose. He feels the perspiration running down his forehead. With a sudden inspiration he sits down.

BALLADE OF FUTILITY

No matter how hard were the tests that he took,

He passed them with excellent rating. That he spent many hours perusing each book

Is a matter that goes without stating. With diligent labor he packed in his head

The sum and the substance of knowledge.

His record was noble, his classes he led, As the pride of the Pharmacy College.

He knew about quinine and cod liver oil

And calomel, squills and peroxide He could roll a neat pill or prescribe for a boil

Or tie up a cut with zinc oxide.

He could fill a prescription with accurate hand

Or concoct a most elegant lotion;

His powders were good as the best in the land

And his Tonics a powerful potion.

The profs at the college were sure that the lad

Would succeed in his chosen profession

They believed that the technical knowl-

edge he had

Would soon find a way of expression.

But when he had left them, O sad to relate

Their prophecies all were refuted He'd land a position and soon get the gate

As being entirely unsuited.

His talents it seemed were devoted to drugs

And the filling of Doctor's prescriptions,

While the druggist today must sell hardware and rugs

And items of sundry descriptions.

At jerking a soda, our friend was a flop His sandwiches tasted like Hades

But the thing that prevented him reaching the top

Was his lack of appeal to the ladies.

L'Envoi

Now all you young druggists please listen to me

Forget about pills and emetics.

Just learn to serve lunches and afternoon tea

And major in soaps and cosmetics.

Garth Bentley.



"Grace slipped on the veranda last night, but it didn't fit."

INTERVIEWS WITH ACTORS

I. SOPHIE SNUGGLUP

Reporter: Miss Snugglup, what is your age?

Miss S.: Twenty-six years—tee hee hee.

R.: Are you married?

S.: My husband is.

R.: Do you drink?

S.: Only when I'm thirsty.

R.: When are you thirsty?

S.: All the time.

R.: What do you drink?

S.: Polarine.

R.: Have you ever eloped?

S.: No, but two horses ran away with me once.

R.: What is your favorite smoke?

S.: Packard Eight.

R.: Where did you get your early training as a movie star?

S.: In the bathroom mirror.

R.: What do you think of the European situation?

S.: They're crazy! I wouldn't pay them five bucks a pint for that stuff.

R.: What is your biggest thrill?

S.: Little Orphan Annie.

R.: What is your favorite book?

S.: The check book.

R.: Have you any pets?

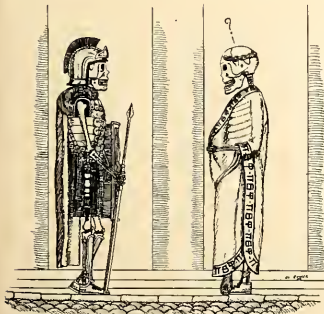
S.: Sorry—they're reserved.

R.: Well, I guess that's all. But pardon me—do you read poetry?

S.: Oh dear yes! I just adore Eddie Guest.

A. K.

The deaf can't enjoy the talkies, but the dumb can.



"Where gottest thou yon toga?"
"Great Zeus! Where did I spend the night?"



One of the earlier talkies.

And then all the pretty boys and girls in the movie school brought their vanity cases and had their make-up examinations.

Star (singing): I cannot sing the old songs—

Voice from the audience: Damn right you can't.

Oh young Lochinvar has come out of the vest,

The buttons fall on the floor.

And e'en though his contract reads millions a year,

He does not eat any more.

Customer (in a pet store): My, what beautiful animals! How do you call them?

Proprietor: I merely say "Here Prinnie, Here Fido" and then they come.

HEARD AT BOB & ERNIE'S ANY EVENING

Milk shake—An' can that boy hit the line—Aw! Cut the chatter—Sez you!—Sez me!—That's the nuts (A. O. Pi ensemble)—Got a match?—That prof? He don't know nothin'—Gangway!—Lemon Coke—Is he a swell guy? (Choir from Delta Zeta)—An' d'ya know what—Now, back on our farm (Phi Kap association)—Slup, slup, gedunk—Ain't that sumpin'—Oh them eyes—They got all the breaks—Let go of that overcoat—Let me have about two-bits will ya?—I got one of them there new junior blazers too!—Double choclir—No, I didn't get invited (Pi Phi troupe)—What sorority?—Hello, Ess!—S'long—

When a rich man loves them and leaves them, he usually leaves them plenty.



DRAMA

By Allan Edelson

The last time I went to the screechy-squeakies the business still was in the hands of expert hoodlums. The great mystery in this age of tin-can fads, amusement-leisure madness, and all-round nonsensy remains: why million on million is fed into the infernal contraption that consistently turns out such foul tripe.

Two films that brought tinges of enjoyment were *Disraeli* and *The Trespasser*, and then only because of gifted Mr. George Arliss and Miss Gloria Swanson. *Disraeli*, at the finish, was a hashed, romantic perversion of the statesman's real story, but it seems that no amount of foolishness in the executive chair could alter Mr. Arliss' performance; it is this property which may salvage the whole rotten industry.

However, to liken stage to screen is much like placing a pretty, senseless, artificial "ma, ma" dolly next our little Bessie (a live kid) who can scream bloody murder.

Of *Strange Interlude* (Blackstone) I wrote at length elsewhere. Because the aside and the length are exaggerated almost to grotesqueness, the whole becomes a "stunt" in my mind. It may be unfortunate for the immediate development of the American theatre that the author was so indiscreet. I find nothing of the penetrating psychology that has been the subject of reams and reams of paper discussion, but the characters and plot are fundamentally well-developed. One wonders how Mr. O'Neill expects a neurotic woman (or isn't she?) to remain in an unchanged state of neurosis for so long a time.

The play is not as concise and finished a piece as *Anna Christie*, but I am all in accord with the revolt that the playwright sounds. In the Chicago cast I was especially pleased with Mr. Tom Powers, who plays good old Charlie.

The Infinite Shoeblack (Princess), I

fear, is a wae bit too much of Carlyle's philosophy for us in America to ken. It is brave, struggling with its sharp philosophic point, and unusual. But when the courtesan with an intellect grows weak before a plain Scotsman's will, bears his chee-ild, and expires 'mid gray walls, I like to cry the great big tears that Ralph Barton puts into his black-eyed people. Miss Helen Menken and Mr. Leslie Banks act with strength their exceptional parts.



Blackbirds (Adelphi) is the fas'est, mos' dancin'est, mos' shoutin'est black and tan piece since *Shuffle Along*. Skits with speed and point, rhythmic wailin' moans, and rappin' specially by gen'men Worthy and Thompson bring the show far above the average run. This fast-moving revue has as many moods as belong to the doleful or the ear-to-ear happy Negro.

Refreshing burlesque best describes *Tour du Monde* (Goodman), the 80-day travel tale drawn from Jules Verne's story. Uniqueness and piquant seriousness stamp the play as good fun. I am told in a note that Northwestern students and faculty have the opportunity to attend all Goodman plays for \$1.00, but only on coupons sold at the business office on Clark street and for McKinlock campus at the Commerce book store. I liked every Goodman play given this season.

Now that Mr. Tyrone Power has left the Shakespeare actors at the Civic theatre, his merits suddenly become greater than when he appeared in the tragedies. He is more fluent and more ready to shift his voice and mood than Mr. Leiber, who acts in a different manner. As Petruchio and Sly in *The Taming of the Shrew* and in *Hamlet*, Mr. Leiber, however, is all that has been said of him. At his worst (as in *Macbeth*), he is doing more for Chicago's theatre than all his petty critics ever hope to do.

Mr. St. John Ervine called Miss Ruth Draper "genius"; certainly she is as close to genius as I have seen, along with Mr. Alexander Moissi, Mr. Arliss on two occasions, and the late Miss Eagels, who had me in the taut and limp state in which the spectator finds himself while in the presence of genius. Miss Draper shows an extraordinary acumen in her characterization. She is as charming and talented a linguist, writer, and actress as we have on our stage. She is the most delighting tattletale of woman's moods, regardless of age.

Ted Healy in *A Night in Venice* (Majestic) . . . cleverly clowny . . . differentiates between Spanish and Venetian by wearing a battered silk hat . . . handsome Shemp Howard always handy to be stepped on . . . bear that wrestles . . . dancing misses, Beth and Betty Dodge and ballet from Tchaikowsky's music for *Le Lac des Cygnes* with no credit for the composer . . . good "all hands on stage" episodes . . . excites . . . satisfies.

The good holiday plays and our deadline date popped up at the same time, making it impossible to see all the shows. With the best of guidance thus lost, one might take a chance on these: *Street Scene*, the Marx clowns, *Bird in Hand*, *June Moon*, and *R. U. R.*



SLOGANS

... in the dance it's grace
 ... in a cigarette it's taste.
 now go on
 ... on the table it's cabbage
 ... in a cigar it's tobacco.
 ... in a movie it's funny
 ... in a magazine it's dirty.
 ... on the counter it's a handkerchief
 ... on a girl it's lingerie.
 ... at home it's pork
 ... in the restaurant it's chicken.
 ... at college it's brilliant conversation
 ... in the world it's hot air.
 ... in the talkies it's singing
 ... on a fire truck it's a siren.
 ... with Clara Bow it's it
 ... but what inthell is it?

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

And How to Present Them

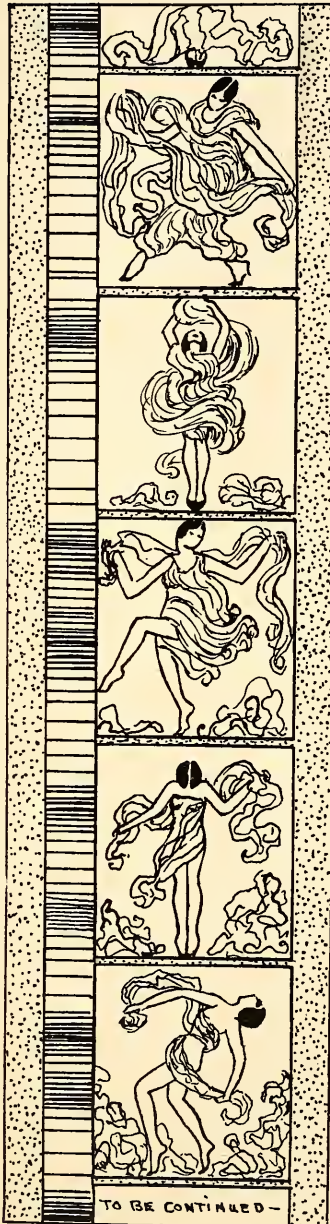
"I have to make my grades to be initiated." A silken rustle and a few tear drops go good with this one.

"I'm working my way through college." Have the toes protruding from the shoes. Do not wear trousers. Wear overalls. Fall asleep during the conversation to illustrate your serious state of fatigue.

"I enjoyed your course immensely." Appear extremely sad. A little rouge in the nostrils will give the desired effect. Look longingly long at the professor, place the cleaner hand across the eyes, extend the other one to the rear, and, muttering a choked "Oh!" dash from the room.

"Tennis takes all my time." Appear in tennis shoes, visor, white duck trousers, and B.O. Playfully bounce tennis balls on the ebony desk and the marble floor of the office. Accidentally knock the ink stand off its feet. Words can't describe the professor's glee—it simply gets him. Quotation works extremely well with certain members of the English department.

"Examinations frighten me." Be very timid. Let the professor invite you in three times before you enter. Stand still at the door. When you are asked, "What—," rush out and slam the door. Be summoned five times before reentering. Advance a step. Give your little speech. Place left hand on heart. Scream. Faint. Lie motionless before the instructor's feet.



CAMPUS ATTRACTIONS

One star means just something to fill up time. Two stars mean this will bear watching. Three stars mean it's going hot and heavy. Four stars mean it's one swell party. More stars and you'd better go to bed and sleep it off.

***One Big Night—Phi Delt House—** Lots of noise and lots of boys. Bubbling over with merriment. Good clean comedy. Also Bob Warner.

****Fire Drill—Kappa House—**A vivid picture of life behind the curtains. Chorus girls at home among their date books. Many good lines.

***Our Gang Comedy—Beta House—** Heinie Anderson, Mickey Erickson, and that cunning little Dallas Marvil make fun for the kiddies.

*****Bringing Home The Bacon—** Campus—Very involved. Betty does some smooth acting and Haas holds his own against all odds. Some tender love scenes.

*******Face On The Barroom Floor—**west Dempster st.—Some spirited scenes done feelingly by Don Masie and others.

******That's Where The Money Goes—**Circus Board—A clever comedy team, Noonan and Smith, make this venture well worth their while.

***Mystery of The Missing Link—**Daily Office—There is really no longer any mystery. The boy wonders, Lew Taggett and Washee Ironce Mee, vie for honors. Strong dialogue. Not for the kiddies.

****All's Quiet at the D.G. House—** At Home—All Talkie. Censored.

*****The Crisis—**Patten Gym—Pathos and Gripping Drama among the simple folk who can't read their own crib notes. Good sound reproduction of rattling papers, snickering, and books dropping on the floor. You can't afford to miss this.

*****The Woman From Hollywood—**Theta Abode—For Adults Only. All about the valuable jewel stolen from the Delt house. Good work by Pudge Dillon.

******Third Floor Tragedy—**Alpha Xi Delta House—Red Woodworth and a bevy of beautiful girls put on a few good numbers. This always gets the laugh.

Great soaks from a little corn grow.



A HAMMER AND

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There is so much noise in and about the Talkies that it is not remarkable that some of it should seep into the *Purple Parrot*. So here we have the Talkie number, which, to our knowledge, is the first such number presented by any humor publication.

This issue is dedicated to the greatest of all talkies—professors, house mothers, deans, alumni, and students.

In the old days only the people who could read understood what the actors said; today no one can understand them.

It is possible that in time to come the faculty of the University will consist of

reels of film, talkie apparatus, and film projectors. If we want to find our history professor, he will be any hour of the day in section 6, row 42, shelf 16. Just dust him, put him in the projector, and have him unroll before our eyes.

Faculty meetings will be held in a large room and twenty-five to thirty professors will be unwound at the same time. Other than that any member who wishes to talk above the others can easily be removed, the ultimate results will be much the same.

Of course a theme song will be necessary in each roll of film. The A Capella Choir, the Glee Club, and the Joint Chorus can be introduced every five

minutes in a waft of song. Possible themes are "Wake up Little Girl You're Just Dreaming," "Will You Remember?" "Room at the Front," and "Work, for the Night is Coming."

When you take your final examinations, remember that you can do them better with gas. Gas has raised more than the Graf Zep.

But why worry about grades? Grades don't mean anything. If you don't believe it, ask that fellow who flunked out of school last year.

Be of good cheer: it is A; be not afraid.



NEWS SCENTS

A COLD WORLD—"Coal Company Official Kills Wife and Self in Rooms in Ambassador East—City Observes Thanksgiving." (*Chicago Tribune*, November 29.)

THE THUNDERING HERD—"1,500 Boys and Girls Parade at Stock Show; Award Trophies." (*Chicago Tribune*, December 3.)

COME ALL—"Oakland County Juvenile Detention Home Opened to Public." (*The Detroit News*, December 3.)

AGRICULTURISTS RETURN—"Hicks Back from Fraternity Meet." (*Daily Northwestern*, December 3.)

BEEF—"2 Iowa Youths Take Honors in Steer Contest." (*Chicago Tribune*, December 4.)

HOT MAMA—"Flappers Bake Better Cake than Mothers." (*Evanston News-Index*, December 4.)

AN ICELANDER?—"Mr. Enrico Glicenstein, the great Italian sculptor who has carved busts of the Pope, Mussolini, Mr. Byrd the Arctic explorer and many other European notables, was recently entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Breakstone, 1309 Lunt Ave." (*Central Mid-West Topics*, Chicago, December 5.)

A LITTLE OFF—"Looney at Jeff Park." (*Chicago American*, December 11.)

MODERN HOME—"For Sale—Bungalow, north part of town, hot and cold water, bath built in cabinet, basement." (*Gillespie News*, December 11.)

CONVEYANCE—"A limited number of pupils taken in Violin by Andy Hynd, 1109 S. Macoupin St." (*Gillespie News*, December 11.)

STIFF WEDDING—"Slain Teacher About to Marry, Co-ed Reveals." (*Chicago Herald and Examiner*, December 14.)

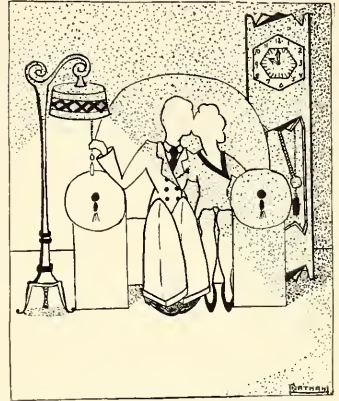
NEW GAME—"The Wildkits came back with a bang and inside of two minutes, were leading 17-16. Then the peculiar performance started. Evanston began to stall with a one-pint lead and fourteen minutes to play." (*Evanston News-Index*, December 7.)

RED?—"Paints Future City." (*Daily Northwestern*, December 19.)

GREETINGS—"Griffith, Risko on Holiday Card at N. Y. Garden." (*Chicago Tribune*, December 23.)

LEOPARD—"Greta Garbo spotted at Palm Springs." (*Chicago Herald-Examiner*, December 24.)

SLIGHTED—"This year they will visit Honolulu and many of the lesser traveled countries, including Suwa, New Zealand, Australia, Java, Siam, Indo Chicago, and will reach Japan in time for the cherry blossom season." (*Chicago Herald-Examiner*, December 24.)



10 o'clock—lights out!

FIND THE MAN—"Assistant Keeper John Sweeting of the city prison on Welfare Island was guarding a crew of prisoners when he saw a man's face in the barred gate protecting the subway emergency exit." (*Chicago News*, December 20.)

HOLD ON—"Hooked rugs again are fashionable after fifty years, writes Janet Lawrence in *The Farm Journal* for November." (*Chicago Post*, December 24.)

WATCH YOUR ENGLISH—"Maids in colorful Swedish costumes welcome the guest and introduces him to the Swedish smorgasboard. Translated into English, this means a table filled with a variety and a number of hors d'oeuvres." (*Chicago Post*, Dec. 26.)

VOICE FROM THE DEAD—"Socrates Urges Cut in Earners' Income Tax." (*Chicago American*, December 26.)



On exhibit in the Chicago galleries.



Another meanest man in the world is the one who borrowed fifty dollars from his neighbor and spent it on his neighbor's wife.

The laziest man in the world is the one who held a cocktail shaker in his hand and waited for an earthquake.

"What is the Wailing Wall?"
"A street in New York."

And now the deaf and dumb colleges are turning out the best movie directors.

"I must run along now and practice my scales."

"What instrument do you play?"
"The drum."

A hustling young man named White,
Who flew with speed greater than light,
Started out one fine morning
And without any warning
Arrived home the previous night.

She: Love me?
He: Yes.
She: Marry me?
He: Let's play cards instead.

The motto on entrance examinations ought to be "Admit Nothing."

"I wish I had my wife back."

"Where is she?"

"I sold her for a bottle of whiskey."

"So you found out you really love her?"

"No, I'm thirsty again."

The hunter goes to the talks.

Hick: My girl gives me hiccoughs every time I see her.

Ups: Why's that?

Hick: She's a bootlegger.

"Ain't I the lady killer!" chuckled Bluebeard, as he wiped the blood from his saber.

"Drunkness is a disease and I can cure it."

"Don't bother, doctor. Just send over a shipment of germs."

"Freddie, get the nails. We're gonna spike the punch."

"Are girls wearing corsages at the senior ball this year?"

"Oh, no! They're wearing dresses."

All the little fishies

Are being rocked to sleep;
They ain't got nothin' classy,
Just the cradle of the deep.

"Was Bill talkative when he saw you last night?"

"Naw, he was silent like the Q in pantomime."



BANGERT

Chorine:
His words
are gems.

Chorina: Y'eh,
but try an' make a necklace out of 'em.

"That street cleaner is very interesting."

"A street cleaner interesting?"

"Yes, he has loads to talk about."

It has been noticed that Greta Garbo has a slight English accent.

"This horse is above the average here in Georgia."

"What! That bony nag?"

"Absolutely. The average is only two-thirds of a horse to a square mile."

"My god! Don't shoot!" cried the movie star to the camera man as she applied some more makeup.

Gas stationist: Want your oil checked?

Automobilist: Naw, I'll take it with me.

The dumbest blonde we know is the one who thought that the car is cooled by stripping the gears.

"Have you heard from that salesman of yours who stole \$5,000 and left town?"

"Yes, he just sent me a bill for transportation."

"Sandy, I'd like some pin money."

"Here's a penny, darlin'. Go buy a dozen."

"What do you think of higher mathematics?"

"It's over my head."

You must hear about the Scotchman who took his wife's false teeth to work with him so that she wouldn't eat between meals.

"Charlie's wife talked him to death."

"Couldn't he run away from her?"

"He did, but she sent him a talking picture of herself."

A gossip found her way into the pearly gates, but after a week's stay she made a plea to leave and it was granted. She met a friend in the other world.

"What's the matter," asked the friend, "aren't there nice people there?"

"Oh, yes, very nice."

"Were there many of them?"

"Well," the gossip replied, "none to speak of."

"My good man, you look just like that fellow sitting at the desk over there."

"No doubt, sir. We're copy clerks."

"Tillie, where did you hang my trousers?"

"Right where they belong—in the pantry."

CLOSE UP

If I had a talking picture of you
I know I'd not find you so fair,
You'd probably shreak from the tips of
your toes
To the very ends of your hair.

Your head would lament and moan in
disgust,
Oh you really have cause to complain,
You've been towseled and frowseled and
frizzled and bleached,
So people won't think that you're
plain.

You've been tortured with irons and
permanent waves,
Your face is all lifted and sore,
Your eyebrows were pulled at and finally
yanked
And they've scrubbed at your skin
like a floor.

Your figure would cry out in similar pain
Being skinned and fattened in turn,
And your feet all crammed into some
dainty effect
For a large number nine would yearn.

Oh it's lucky I haven't a talkie of you,
It's lucky for you I guess,
For no doubt I'd join in the chorus and
shout,
"You are a helluva mess."

M. D.

"Man, ain't this a big party I'm toss-
ing?" cried the bouncer as he kicked out
the drunk.

How about the Scotchman who turned
out the lights every night and made his
children play movie?



"Now, Bobbie, this is wax, what they throw about a dance floor."
"I know—a coed."



The movie gag writer is asked to make an extemporaneous speech in Hollywood.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Al Jolson without gloves, Sonny Boy,
or Mammeh.
Ben Turpin threading a needle.
Greta Garbo speaking English.
Rin Tin Tin going to college.
Clara Bow being lonesome.
Bull Montana taking the lead in Alice
in Wonderland.
Mary Pickford's age.
Lon Chaney.

E. M. J.

Speaking of what your girls can do—
can any of them inhale a Camel?

And then there's the one about the
Scotchman who married the tattooed
dancer so his children could see moving
pictures.



"What would you call an old maid doing the dance of the seven veils?"
"A comic strip."

PADDED CELL PARTICIPLES

By an Ex-Music Critic

One musical phenomenon has recently been probed by this writer. It is a curious fact that the tone "B" just seven steps up from middle "C" smites the ear with more insistence than any other tone. After 20 years of experimenting on 5,000 Armenians, 12 rats and 3 types of gas stoves, it was discovered that this is undeniably so. Where there is music there is a "B", and its vibrations pound the ear, whether it is a "B" string on the harp or on a ball of twine. Notice at concerts how the gentleman to your left will squirm when "B" is struck, especially if he has just remembered he left his false teeth in the washroom. Intermissions are put in concert programs to allow patrons to rest their ears from the dunning of the "B." "IN CASE OF FIRE WALK SLOWLY DON'T RUN" does not vibrate to the "B" and therefore carries a red light. The peculiar effect of the "B" is probably responsible for the honey B, B careful, and B it ever so humble there's no place like home.

J. A.

1st Beta: Say, fellows, what we ought to have around here is a shower.
2nd Beta: Who for?

Rusher: We have a clock in the hall that will run for fifteen days without winding.

Rushee: How long will it run if you wind it?

TO THE LAD IN THE APARTMENT ABOVE

You're a pesky jigger,
Sonny Boy!
You've got too much vigor,
Sonny Boy!
Stamping on the ceiling
When the dawn comes stealing,
You commence your squealing,
Sonny Boy!
How the neighbors love you,
Sonny Boy!
(Those that live above you!)
Sonny Boy!
Dad and ma display you,
As a dove portray you —
I would like to slay you,
Sonny Boy!

F.G.A.

A ROMANTIC CONVERSATION

Pick up the receiver and listen in. You hear a bellow from the Phi Psi house and the voice of a sweet young thing.

BELLOW: Hello—hello—what the hell? I never saw such a damn place. Operator, I've got a dime in here and Jimmy has a dime in upstairs. Return my money! I lose more damn money in this fool instrument. *(Gargling noises. Someone seems to be choking to death.)*

SWEET VOICE: Just a minute, please.

BELLOW: No minutes from you. Get me the supervisor, and do it damn quick or I'll report this to the supervisor!

SWEET VOICE: I'm trying to put a call in. May I, please?

BELLOW: No! I don't give a damn what you're trying to do. Get me the supervisor. †\$"% (!!*&*&*&*&†!! you!

SWEET VOICE *(after some contemplation)*: Pardon me, but isn't this Mr. Smith? I'd like it very much if you'd let me speak to Johnnie Beck. Thank you.

BELLOW *(low and hollow)*: Oh my god!



Fido

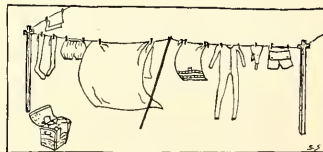
"What makes you think that cur is a natch dog?"
"He has the ticks."

SEE! THINGS WORTH SEEING ON CAMPUS HEAR!

Howard Vierow whose pressing urge to attend the Waitress' Ball at the Coliseum, which is, after all, a better place for the dance than our Gym, will eventually lead him from the home-like confines of his quaint village, Oak Park. . . . Florence Waters who brings her son to Geology lectures and whose life history should never have been neglected by the neatly deceased Pollyanna. We are a lady. . . . Bill Fetridge writing the great college novel. We suggest in a small voice that he caption it "The Betas of Yesterday, or Why Life Falls Down" since it would offer chance for treatises on the escapades of Harold Grant, who always was a flier, Lawson Hahn, who still insists that he will not marry an A. O. Pi, and Sumner Scott, who will always remind us of Loki Stewart. For after everything is said, the reputation of the Betas is in their cups. . . . Dean Lutkin asking that the doors of the chapel be opened so the students might not be kept out of paradise. Cheers for the A Capella Choir and their caroling. . . . Professor Morgan hypnotizing Dot Verges. . . . Bettina Whitely who says that one does not give the lad a Christmas present unless one is actually engaged to him. So she decided against giving Jimmy whoever he is whatever it was. . . . Barton Roxton, the Delt red tie, letting a lovely femme hold his ears. His is another Herbert Blades' waistline. . . . The gahooofus composed of shells in the second floor case in U. H. . . . The activities of the inmates of the Alpha Phi's yellow Buick at Wilmette Harbor of an afternoon. One meets just the very best people there, my dear, and it is so handy. . . . Speech Council meeting at Dean Dennis' home on Sunday. The keen one himself popping corn. . . . Alice Dinkeloo's mittens. . . . The scene on the steps inside the back door of the Delta Gam house at ten one morning. . . . Don Vieaux' red jacket from a daylight point of view. . . . Betty Smith, who is a home-loving gal and no haywire. She still carries a powder puff big enough to be used as a weapon. Lament with me the passing out of hat pins. Also the passing out which has been lifted from Illinois Delta Upsilon's

Christmas Party to the local chapter. By that I am always reminded of the best party I ever came home from on a milk wagon. The chaperons gathered on the stairway of the newly completed D. U. house to sing that effective one about Little Red Riding Hood just as Santa Claus himself in the form of the Dean came sleuthing through the front door. . . . Betty Clark dancing with her girl friend at the Phi Nu Beta formal. . . . Bob Edward's girl with Cass Brownell at the Prom. The only thing I could not figure out is why she was chewing gum. . . . Lee Mitchell, the technical director who refuses to utilize his technique. Tears from lady crew workers on "Breeding Stones" but joy from the audience because it did "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" six ones better. . . . Halcyon Mitchell drifting in the snow off the Steps. Johnny of the profile helping her drift. . . . Papa William Heuser who knows how to pick them, but my suggestion, of course, this is merely a suggestion, is that he refrain from being those months late. There's nothing like a jolly minister to smother young love. . . . Mary Blanche Little leading Prom as it ought to be led and giving several yards of green satin something to wave about. . . . The Mister Joe College that we all remember from the football season for his song "The boys won't shave tonight." If he would renew last year's color scheme! I saw him at Prom but there was no feather duster in his hair. . . . Spargo tearing up the absence sheet on triple cut day. . . . Bob Weiland's coat. He says it is a steer but our data is only in the nucleus. The history of the Parrot which is being drawn up for *College Humor*, which mag is advancing its sales in the last two months with many of Irv Breger's sketches, a poem of Peg Wallace's, and a drawing by Arthur Wil-

liam Brown of Pat Smeed. . . . Mr. Sleight running the lantern to which more attention is paid than to the lecturer. . . . Anne Schlachet in blue. Elmer C. Haglund who is going to give us the world's greatest circus in a couple of months. . . . Merle Ammann's hair. . . . Red Woodworth saying that the mistletoe, that semi-parasitic, evergreen plant which Yatz Levison and Jack McKinley were helping him sell in their tree shop "The Shady Pine" (swell name) was not very good. It did not have to be when he was giving out samples in the Publications Office. . . . Ellen Hood the sweeter than sweet who taught in Battle Creek last year. You want to watch these teachers, boys; take it from Bill Smith, the only Scribbler who could ever dodge a Tri Delt. . . . Jo Heffner who knows red hair when she sees it. . . . Russ Seifert who looks at eight bells as if he were meeting the college widow. . . . A D. G. at the Granada feeding a Sig Chi a chocolate bar. . . . Eloise Forbrich surprised that the overpopular Phi Psi, of the gorgeous shoulders (couldn't you die) could make a Beach date so perfect. The Edgewater, save your breath. I know lots more stories but I'm saving them. . . . Jimmy O'Mara who has a permanent Sunday night gal. Ask him. I never inkle. . . . Ginny Martin who should either go to Bob 'n' Ernie's or stay at the K. D. house. It's no romance to him, Ginny; he just thinks that you're a good customer. . . . Virgil Hassler, the Texas City boy. . . . All ye innocent maidens, hearken unto me; this is not the story about the D. K. E. When Marge Ashby was small, she wore braces on the teeth which now ought to be Kappa Exhibit A. . . . Joy-Boy Parker who once caused an editorial and who is the only one who can ever take the place of Elmer Conklin. . . . Let me at this time lament the dismissal of Pollyanna. In taking a newer space, in giving you what is specific, authentic, and as pliable as a delirious felt hat from any college can make truth suit her mood, I have as hard a time as those others because the best things you do I may not print. I put one over my mouth and give you the only good hand I have left.



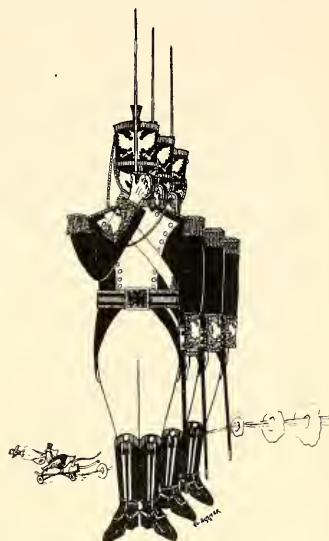
A woman's line



SONNY BOY'S DIARY

- Dec. 1st—Went horseback riding for first time.
 Dec. 2nd—Triple-cuts.
 Dec. 3rd—Bought a pair of Irish setters.
 Dec. 5th—Cleaned house.
 Dec. 8th—Went to see Peggy. She had a cold so we had to stay in.
 Dec. 9th—Cut all classes. Cold.
 Dec. 12th—Took a sweet frosh to the talkies. Stayed for three shows.
 Dec. 15th—Got a job in a haberdashery.
 Dec. 16th—New hat, shoes, and camels hair.
 Dec. 17th—Got a job in a jewelry store.
 Dec. 18th—Have dates for Theta, Pi Phi, and Chi O formals.
 Dec. 19th—Did some Christmas shopping, but broke two bottles.
- Dec. 20th—Bill came over to study math.
 Dec. 21st—More Christmas shopping.
 Dec. 24th—Back home and broke. Took out the ashes and washed the car.
 Dec. 25th—Christmas. Ear muffs, study lamp, and brief case.
 Dec. 26th—Smeared the car windows, kicked the dog and the ashes around, and put the cat in the fish bowl. There ain't no Santa Claus.
 Dec. 29th—Went over and met the new neighbor. Played house.
 Dec. 30th—Took a long lecture from ma and pa about New Year's resolutions and the new neighbor.
 1929-1930—I don't remember.

A. K.



"How tall did you say that red-head was?"
 "About sixteen hands."

A VOICE IN THE AIR

St. Peter sat outside the golden gates trying to tune in a good dance orchestra on his new eight-cylinder, diamond-studded noise box.

"St. Peter! St. Peter!" came a shrill, rough cry through the ether. "Oh, St. Peter, hear my plea!"

"Darn it," yelled Peter. "Business again." The walls trembled and thirty-seven little cherubs fell off the gate post.

"St. Peter, I have done wrong, oh I have done wrong. Make me a new man again."

"Sir, your wish shall be granted—you shall be born anew. First, however, tell me who you are."

"I'm just a poor little movie actress looking for a new husband."

And St. Peter quickly tuned in on the weather reports.

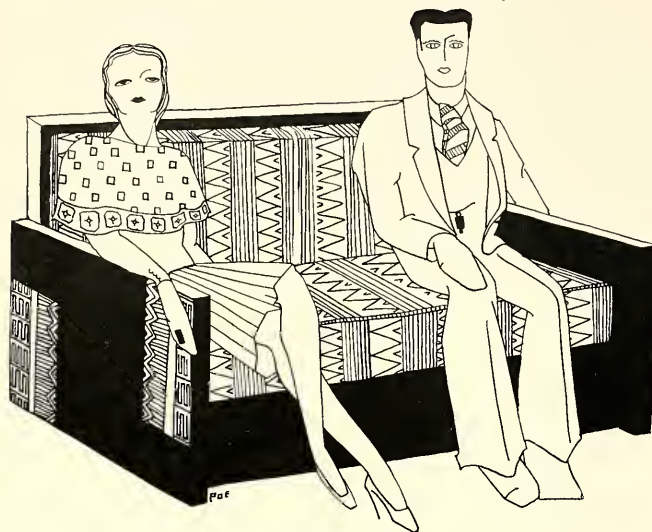
About the only person who can succeed by letting things slide is the trombone player.

Kranz: When I was your age I thought nothing of a ten mile hike.

Hygienic: I don't think so much of it either!



"Wonder if they're talkies"



Room and bored.

"Have you ever seen a star fall?"
 "No, but I've seen some terrible flops."

"I hear Bertha's singing in the talkies?"

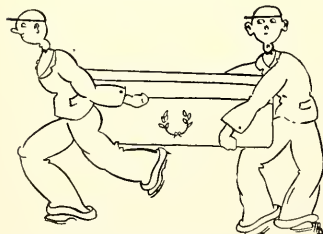
"Yeh, she makes the noises for the animal drawings."

There was once a Scotchman who committed suicide by throwing himself under a steam roller so that the undertaker wouldn't have to press his trousers.

"Couldn't you use this song in your new movie?"

"No, it don't theme very good."

We wonder if Fatty Arbuckle is Plato's idea of the well-rounded man.



A dead give-away.

MOVIE DIET

1ST DAY.

Breakfast

Watermelon	Shoe Polish a' bas
Liver sausage	Melba toast
Feather of chicken	Snow ball

Luncheon

Lux	Hot water bag
Catsup	Chalk (one piece)
Cement bon bouche	Vaseline

Dinner

Stove lid élogé	Dog biscuit
Limberger cheese	Bale of hay
Listerine	Paper napkin

2ND DAY.

Lilies and funeral wreaths

E. M. J.

Father: I want you to come home from the party at a reasonable hour—and not with the milkman!

Emily: How absurd! He won't be there.

MOVIE CONTEST

MEN — WOMEN — COEDS—Here is the chance you have been waiting for. How often have you sat alone nights dreaming of your hidden ability to give the heretofore unfortunate fans of the vast movie world the break they have wanted? At last you will be able to present for the first time on the screen a display of real acting ability, intelligence, poise and beauty. At last you will be able to change that ugly name of yours to one which has a touch of romance or perhaps a breath of spring in it.

Without regard to cost for suits of damage, slander, misrepresentation, or libel, the Parrot has succeeded in launching forth its gigantic movie contest.

The list of beautiful prizes, published in print for the first time, are as follows:

Answers to all final exam questions the week before exams.

Your picture in all cigarette ads.

Two beautiful Rolls Royces in any color or style.

The Koranchean diamond.

A lap full of chorus girls (men only).

One carload of pre-war stuff (women only).

Ten thousand acres of land in the Chicago loop.

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY ON THE LEVEL!



"What did you think about that new silent movie?"
 "Unspeakable!"

BALLAD OF CORN

There in the field of Ioway

The corn is standing row on row,
The tall stalks bend, the tassels sway
To all the vagrant winds that blow,
Swaying, swaying, to and fro,
Moving in harmony sublime,

It may look grand but this I know
I'll take mine bottled every time.

The full ears ripen, day by day,

The yellow kernels seem to glow
Then in the crib, it's packed away
To wait the coming of the snow.

When winter prices fall too low—
(Three lousy quarters and a dime!)

Just whisper to the farmer, "Oh
I'll take mine bottled every time!"

I think corn muffins quite au fait

And hominy I'll tuck below

My vest with pleasure, and I say

Corn bread will banish every woe

But when my preference I show

For corn concoctions, that's when I'm
Compelled to let the whole world
know

I'll take mine bottled every time.

L'ENVOI

Why, do you ask, this verbal flow?

Why does imagination climb?

I sing the praise of corn although

I'll take mine bottled every time.



"Were you surprised when I sent you that book on reducing?"
"I'll say so! It took my breadth away."

1st egg: What terms did you get on
your new incubator?

2nd egg: A dollar down and the
rest when they hatch me.

"Well, they got the drop on me,"
cried the stagehand as the curtain landed
on his back.

"God, Jesus, Moses, and Holy Mary,"
cried St. Peter as he read the heavenly
roll.

The university may be the seat of
learning, but it's the student's standing
that counts.

First Englishman: What did you get
out of your hagriculture course?

Second ditto: Hay.

And then there's the one about the
Jew who tried to take out a fire insur-
ance policy on his coal.

A Scotchman was engaged in an argu-
ment with the conductor on a street car.
It seems the Scotchman believed the fare
was five cents and the conductor insisted
on a dime. After a long drawn out
argument, the conductor became dis-
gusted, and, seizing the Scotchman's
suitcase, threw it off just as the car was
passing over a bridge which crossed a
small stream. The suitcase landed with
a loud splash. "Mon!" screamed the
Scotchman. "Isn't it enough you try to
overcharge me without drowning my
little boy?"
E. M. J.

A Scotchman was having dinner with
his wife and three children. Said the
Scotchman to his children: "Which of
you would rather have a nickel than
meat?" The three children, being
Scotch, took the nickel. His wife
took the meat away and brought in
the dessert. "Now, children," said the
Scotchman, "how many of you would
like a nickel's worth of pie?"



Making a scene.



STRANGE INTERCOURSE

"My girl weighs two hundred pounds, so she's planning to lose a pound a day."

"And you're letting her do that?"

"Yeh, but only for two hundred days."

Imagine the consternation when, during a love scene, the leading lady's stomach rumbles.

The Scotchman went to see the silent film because it was cheaper; he brought a hammer along to make his own noises.

They couldn't get a song for "Disraeli" because there was no one who could write a decent English theme.

(The finis of a forthcoming picture is shown as an advertisement)

"Good Lord, I've been shot!"

"Where?"

THE END

Being an Impromptu Discussion of Mr. Ewin O'Feel's Strange Play

Scene: The Boudoir, one of the more or less rendezvous on the Gusty City's far-East side.

Youthful Bachelor of Drama (*discovered seated at table, having just overpowered two green-eyed monsters in thin glasses*): This O'Feel play—positively absurd!

Stranger (*seated opposite*): I agree!

Y. B. D.: Violates the rules of play technique.

S.: Yes!

Y. B. D.: Unnecessarily long. Ridiculous to have all of those scenes extending over years and years when such action as there is could easily have been condensed into the usual playing time.

S.: Yes, yes!

Y. B. D.: Fancy—a play with asides and asides!

S.: True—quite true!

Y. B. D.: Again and again!

S.: Yes, yes!

Y. B. D.: Superfluous prolongation!

S.: Indeed!

Y. B. D.: Preposterous story! One might say—

S.: Immoral?

Y. B. D.: Wanton!

S.: Yes, yes!

Y. B. D.: And what connivance! For a sum one is not only asked to sit through more than four hours of this strange concoction extending over mealtime, but also needs must hie oneself to a nearby expensive restaurant and bolt an elaborate dinner in order to return to the theatre in time to miss none of the prolongation of these characters' strange agonies.

S.: Ah, me!

Y. B. D.: Furthermore I understand that the S. R. O. sign is being hung out for some performances. Can there possibly be anything more ludicrous than asking an individual to stand through this strange phenomenon and parting with his filthy but nevertheless coveted lucre besides?

S.: (sighs).

Y. B. D.: And will you believe me, upon my honor, as critic and exponent of the drama, I was denied my two complimentary tickets? These, I claim, were rightfully due me, owing to my appointment as critic of the drama for the Little Art Theatre Players.

S.: Free list suspended during the engagement.

Y. B. D.: Well—that is another way of expressing it.

S.: I couldn't get a comp either, and I tried so hard. So I paid.

Y. B. D.: Then you, also, occupy the chair of drama critic—

S.: Oh, no, not that!

Y. B. D.: Then you are the great representative of some vast dramatic movement—

S.: Heaven forbid!

Y. B. D.: Surely—

S.: You mean, who am I? Who, me? I'm only the guy O'Feel who wrote the play.

(QUICKER THAN A BLACK-OUT.) *Jerome H. Cook.*

Wally: Let's go out and look at the moon.

Omega: Sorry, hic, but it's empty.



The susceptible young man meets a hot mamma.

THE MONTH in BOOKS

Josephine O'Brien

DEATH OF A HERO

By Richard Adlington
(Covici-Friede)

A psychological survey of war and morals, dealing with the death of an English officer and the reactions of his family, wife and mistress.

On a day when fighting was at its fiercest along the front, Captain George Winterbourne of the British army stands unexpectedly erect, throws his arms wide in a magnificent gesture, and is riddled by machine gun bullets. Adlington ponders the question of suicide or accident, and in so doing gives an unforgettable picture of the life and morals of three generations.

Winterbourne thought that only three people would be interested by the news of his death—his mother, his wife, and his mistress. But all three were so busily engaged with love affairs, which they excused by "it is the war you know," that his death was only of momentary interest.

Adlington has given the story of three generations and a piercing analysis of what underlay their life and morality. A brief prologue exposes the callousness that was produced by Britain's stupefaction over the war, and exposes the fact that Winterbourne had hated his parents, and that they were indifferent to him. The old theory that each individual is an entity and must perforce lead a life of futile solitude is advanced and proven.

The first part of the book deals with the story of Winterbourne's parents and grandparents, and details the smug, little life of provincial England of the Victorian régime.

The second part tells of the struggles of the artist, Winterbourne, and of the apathy encountered in a London of business men and pseudo intellectuals. The two women who are to play the leading part in his life are introduced, with an excellent survey of the so called laxity of

morals developed in the last two decades.

The third part concerns the monotony of war and the gradual stifling of all but the brute desires and instincts in the soldiers. The horrors of war in the fact are not stressed, but the abstract horrors of the life and the fear engendered are detailed in a prose that is as cold and bitingly exposing as the shining blade of a surgeon's scalpel.

Humor, tragedy, satire and the idyllic alternate through the narrative in a cadence that can be compared to the creation of symphonic concert. Adlington is primarily a poet, but his artistry is such that it can be transferred to any line of artistic endeavor. Like an artist he feels his story, but like an artisan of the approved technique he is able to hold himself coldly aloof and impersonal in the narrating. One feels that he is bitter at life. He is satiric and tragic.

His honesty is evidenced by his attitude with the censors. *Death of a Hero* was hailed as a masterpiece by the English public, but many of the phrases were too true to life for the adolescents of the American public. As a result the censors wielded the figurative ax. Adlington, however, refused to substitute phrases and words and we are presented with row upon row of asterisks and dashes to appeal to the imagination of the erotic and the between-the-line reader.

Earl Mullin.

KING SPIDER

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis
(Coward-McCann, Inc.)

Here is a biography which, in this age of biographical fiction, neither "debunks" nor excuses; a biography with none of the inaccuracies found, for example, in *Elizabeth and Essex*—and perhaps, too, with little of Strachey's brilliance. There is nothing of Andre Maurois' adoration, and nothing of his poetry. It is a study of Louis XI of France, of the period in which he lived

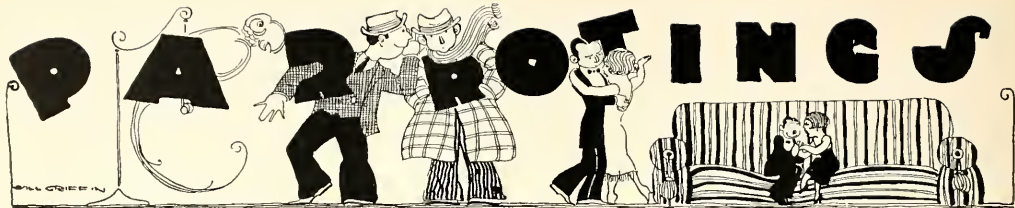
his strange life, and of the strange people he grouped around him. Olivier le Daim, barber-surgeon; François Villon, poet and beggar, Master of Arts in the University of Paris; Cardinal Jehan Balue, "who had every moral taint except hypocrisy"—all have their place in these pages, but of them, and yet towering above them, is the figure of Louis XI, gathering together after the Hundred Years' War "all the lost and alienated lands of France under one Crown."

Louis XI, called by a contemporary poet "the universal Spider," and by a contemporary historian "without doubt one of the wisest princes, and the subtlest, of his age," appears startlingly alive and human in this series of essays—for it is not a chronological study of a man and his historical period. The author himself regards his work in the nature of "marginal notes and sketches to the chronicle of Louis' time," his statements are based upon contemporary sources, he has set down no motives and supplied no excuses. There is no attempt at ornamental biography, there is no spicy and imaginative narrative, there is no searching analysis. And yet when one closes the book, he has lived, for a time, in the fifteenth century, and he has acquired a deeper understanding of a great statesman.

Josephine O'Brien.



"Why don't you support your wife?"
"I can't even move her."



College is the place where one spends several thousand dollars for an education and then prays for a holiday to come on a school day.

Boston Beanpot.

Bridegroom: Have you kissed the bride?

Best Man (absently): Oh, yes, hundreds of times.

Montreal Gazette.

The school inspector prepared to give the children an intelligence test.

"Now close your eyes, children."

The inspector made a noise like birds twittering.

"Now open your eyes and tell me what I was doing."

"Kissing teacher," came the reply in chorus.

Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

German artists are now entitled to free admission to all museums, where they may satisfy their hunger looking at dinosaur wishbones.

Goblin.

Man (after being cleaned in the pinochle game): Well, anyhow, I won't have to tell my wife about this.

Eager Chorus: What'll you do?

Man: Nothing. I ain't married!

Chicago Phoenix.

He: Put a nice, moral play in one of the theaters and the thing is a flop; put in something risqué, and you can't get a seat.

She: Well, there's no harm in trying.

Brown Jug.

Author: Mr. Mencken, I want to write for your magazine.

H. L. Mencken: Say "Bah"!

Boston Beanpot.

"Ah," he murmured, as the light went out in the room across the street. "Now I can sleep."

Ohio State Sun Dial.

Barber: You say you've been here before? I don't remember you.

Visitor: Oh, it's all healed up again.

Temple Owl.

Mount Vesuvius was recently tipped with snow. Try that on your head waiter.

Goblin.

Summer Boarder: But why are those trees bending over so far?

Farmer: You would bend over, too, miss, if you wuz as full o' green apples as those trees are.

Ingleside.

Poet: Dash it, the baby must have thrown that last sonnet of mine in the fire!

His Wife: Don't be absurd, Richard. The little dear can't read yet.

Tit-Bits.

"How long yo' in jail fo', Mose?"

"Two weeks."

"What am de cha'ge?"

"No cha'ge, everything am free."

"Ah mean, what has you did?"

"Done shot my wife."

"You killed yo' wife and only in jail for two weeks?"

"Dat's all—den I gets hung."

Masonic Craftsman.

"There is a perfect gentleman," said the nearsighted lady as the beggar gracefully doffed his hat and held it before him.

Stanford Chaparral.

And then there's the poor fellow who got a shoe shine and then remembered he had his roommate's shoes on.

Witt.

A woman will pick up a head of lettuce in a hand on which sparkles a two-carat diamond and exclaim, "What! Eighteen cents!"

Life.



"—So I says 'Naw, I don't mix much—I'm more the genius type'—"
Jester.



PHOTOGRAPHER: Your son ordered these photographs from me.

FATHER: They certainly are very much like him. Has he paid for them yet?

PHOTOGRAPHER: No, sir.

FATHER: That is still more like him.
Detroit Free Press.

He: "How old did you say you were?"

She (timidly): "Oh, I'm just sixteen years old and shy!"

He: "Shy how much?"
Drexler.

One: "He certainly is polite."

Two: "How come?"

One: "He took me for an auto ride and walked all the way home with me."
Purple Cow.

He: And am I the first man you ever loved?

She: Are you trying to insult me?
Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

Question: What is Scotland Yard?

Answer: Two feet eleven inches.
Octopus.

"I say, Mr. Floorwalker, I don't know what to get my wife for Christmas. Could you suggest something?"

"Psychoanalyst—third floor—rear."
Life.

"Food is getting so scarce that a man lived for two weeks on garlic alone."

"Well, any man who lives on garlic ought to live alone."
Rutgers Chanticleer.

Thomas, the minister's small son, was invited to dine with a very wealthy playmate of his. Upon arriving at the dinner he was somewhat abashed to find a larger gathering of grown-ups than he had expected and was extremely embarrassed when his friend's mother asked him to say grace.

"What is grace?" asked Thomas.

"Why!" exclaimed his hostess, "it is what your father says when he sits down to eat."

"Oh," replied Tom, much relieved, and then as everyone bowed their heads, "God what a meal to set before a white man!"
Harvard Lampoon.

Lord's
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FOUNTAIN SQUARE · EVANSTON

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Clever
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and
Marvelous
\$15 Dresses!

Wait till you've
seen them!



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ONE never wishes his glasses to attract more attention than his eyes. That is why so many men and women have discarded heavy shell rimmed glasses for the rimless type. Favored styles are the Puritan, Colonial, Oval and Leaf shape, but the Puritan is usually preferred.

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Come in and see The New Learbury Models

MAURICE L. ROTHSCHILD

State at Jackson

IF THE JOKE-MAKERS MERGE

Two traveling salesmen, Pat and Mike, overtaken by nightfall in a dark woods, came upon the modernistic farmhouse of an absent-minded professor's Scotch mother-in-law and got the job.

Judge.

Wife (after a dull evening at home) — Don't sit there like a dud! Say something!

Husband (brightly) — Well, well, well. I see Mr. Hoover has had his picture taken.

Tit-Bits.

Mabel Willebrandt has explained everything nicely. She is now highly popular with everybody except the wets and the dries.

The New Yorker.

"Do you find that putting your son through college is expensive?"

"Expensive! Why, that boy drinks a thousand dollars' worth of books a semester."

Arizona Kitty-Kat.

Frosh: Why did he soak you?

Senior: I said his brother looked like an ape.

Frosh: That's no reason.

Senior: Well, they're twin brothers.

Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.

"Oh, George, do you realize it's almost a year since our honeymoon, and that glorious day we spent on the sands? I wonder how we'll spend this one?"

"On the rocks."

Vancouver Province.

Grace—Are you in town for good?

Percival—No, I'm in the navy.

Judge.

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Evanston

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Cleaners and Dyers

**Tailoring and Repairing
Remodelling**

Our work is our best recommendation
Greenleaf 1482

"Rollo seems to be very happy in his new work. What does he do?"

"He is doing literary work. He takes young lady authors around and gives them experience for their confession stories."

Life.

The Scotch joke is in the air! Chap-pie introduces the Caledonian sky-writer who made his son follow him in another plane with a vacuum cleaner.

Chaparral.

President (at class meeting): The chair does not recognize you, Miss White. Sit down.

Miss White: Oh, you stuck-up thing! I was introduced to you last week.

S. Calif. Wampus.

She: How dare you! My father said he would kill the first man who kissed me.

He: How interesting! And did he?
Wampus.

Adam: Eve! You've gone and put my dress suit in the salad again.

Dodo.

"I hear the new aviation school has been having considerable difficulty."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Too many students dropping out of class."

Nevada Desert Wolf.

Man at Theatre (to talking occupant in front seat): Excuse me, but we can't hear a word that's being said.

Talking One (indignantly): It's no business of yours what I'm telling my wife.

Juggler.

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Says Who?

SAYS—

The 1930 Syllabus

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Name

Address

Prof (sternly): This essay on "Our
Dog" is word for word the same as your
brother's.

Frosh: Yes, sir; it's the same dog.
Bison.

Wife (to returning husband at sea-
side resort): Oh darling, I'm so glad
you've come. We heard that some idiot
had fallen over the cliff and I felt sure
it was you!
Panther.

Mr. Henpeck—"Doctor, my wife's
dislocated her jaw. If you're passing out
our way sometime next week or the
week after, you might drop in and see
her."
Washington Dirge.

FROM THE NECK UP

They say that an individual is never
old till he stops learning. We know a
pair of blue eyes who will be dead nine-
teen years, if she lives until next month.
Owl.

After a terrible train wreck, the pro-
fessor, a passenger, telegraphed a
friend: "Escaped uninjured. Break it to
my wife."
Virginia Reel.

"Now, if you promise to stop cryin'
an' be a good boy, I'll take you down
town to see the accidents."
Dublin Opinion.

Little Sandy: Hey, pa, let's go to the
Centennial Pageant, it's only a dollar.

Sandy: Next time, laddie, next time.
Virginia Reel.

Gangster—Where'd you get the black
eye?

2nd Ditto—Oh, some cop down here
tried to spring me.

1st—Well, the dirty—) *-(æ&!! .-\$!!

2nd—Shh! Let's not be speakin' dis-
respectful of the dead.

Punch Bowl.

Our stenographer says she always won-
dered what became of that chubby baby
in the Mennen's Talcum ad, but now she
knows. It grew up and became Hoover.
Mirror.

Proud Parent: And you know, my
friends are getting together a purse to
send my daughter abroad to improve her
voice.

Skeptic: Ah, hush money!

Beanpot.

TALKIE EQUIPMENT

Make your own home talkies. This handy little article will provide much wholesome amusement for any man who hasn't the price of a theater ticket or a mother-in-law.



This little collar should be taken with you to the theater. Many people

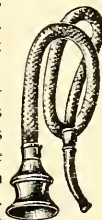
carry them by the dozen or the gross and distribute them among the women who have just had operations. Very restful.

The ear oil shown, pocket size, comes in handy when the ears are hanging low from overwork. Drink one bottle and you will never be bothered by talkies again.



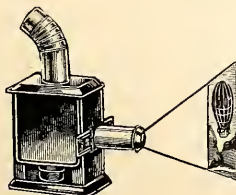
The conversation tube, decorated in mother of pearl, has a special extension reaching ten feet. With this you may get the full advantage of the love scenes—about you. An added feature is a record attachment which comes in handy when the orchestra forgets to play the theme song. With this you can hear it just the same, if not better.

Mouth gag, recommended by veterinarians and movie directors. Shows the teeth but subdues the tongue. Blends well with any shade of bridgework.



These little ear horns are both beautiful and useful. Each horn comes equipped with a toot. Extremely handy when bicycle riding or on the crowded dance floor.

The girl-about-town will think the set shown below simply darling. Think of the happy evenings she will spend with her friends about the Exello Magic Lantern.



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SUNDAYS

12:00 noon to 8:00

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IN EVANSTON
1618 Orrington Ave. University 4640
IN CHICAGO
6 North Michigan Ave. Central 7003

"Perkins, this toast has a strange flavor."

"Why, that's too bad, sir. I burnt it a bit, sir, but I thought it would be all right, if I touched it up with a dash or two of Unguentine, sir."

Jack-o-Lantern.

Farmer: Get out of that tree, son!

Boy: Can't dad. Just got a letter from the Sophs at correspondence school telling me to haze myself.

M. I. T. Voo Doo.

The opening line of our college novel will be: "The chimes rang 8:15 softly, gently, as the college students strode on to their eight o'clocks."

Ohio State Sun Dial.

Prisoner, if you didn't steal the \$3,000—where did you get it?

Yer honor, I saved it from buying Listerine tooth paste.

Sour Owl.

A visitor to an asylum saw a patient using a dry brush on a piece of canvas.

"What does that represent?"

"The Flight of the Children of Israel from Egypt."

"Where are the children of Israel?"

"They have left."

"Where is the Red Sea?"

"Rolled back."

"Where are the Egyptians?"

"They're expected any minute."

Lustige Koelner Zeitung.

Doctor (inquiring after boy who had swallowed a half dollar): How is the boy today?

Anxious Mother: No change yet.

The Satyr.

Mrs. O'Toole: He'vins above, Mrs. O'Malley, an' did yoh'se hear of that terrible wreck—forty-eight Eyetalian an' one Irishman were killed?

Mrs. O'Malley: Faith and Oi didn't! The poor man!

Montreal Goblin.

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With this question weighing you down, you stop to purchase the magazine you always take to her on that first night of each month. . . . Your eyes light up at the thought . . . an idea . . . your own brain child! Why not give her a subscription to this best of all books-of-the-month? Another year of holding hands and reading the smartest humor in America—the "humor with a college education."

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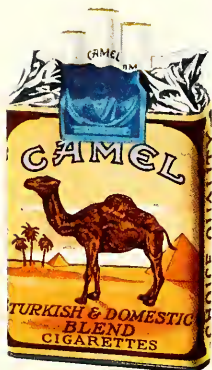
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COME ON, let's get going . . . now
 these essayists . . . who wrote
 Sartor Resartus? . . . Who cares?
 —Have a Camel. . . You'll care
 . . . when you hit the exam tomor-
 row . . . curfew shall not ring to-
 night . . . somebody bring a pot of
 coffee from the Greek's . . . and
 another deck of Camels . . . thank
 heaven, the Camels never fail us.
 . . . Come on, let's get going. . .



*Earnest seekers after knowledge learn in the wee, small
 hours that Camel's goodness never palls; that the last
 Camel is as good as the first.*